

SAVE THE CRUMBS

There is nothing new in using bread crumbs in cooking, or in scooped dishes, stuffing, or meat, puddings, etc. Make a habit of saving them.

The First Installment of "Hictaner, The Man Fish" Appears On This Page--Don't Miss This Gripping Serial

The Times' Daily Magazine Page

CANNING FRUIT

All fruits can be canned for Jelly-making, Pie-filling, etc., without sugar by adding hot water instead of the hot syrup.

HICTANER

The Man Who Lived in the Water

By JEAN DE LA HIRE

This remarkable story of a man fish by Jean de la Hire is one of the strangest tales ever written. Astonishing in its conception it is also a striking example of how literary genius by an extraordinary power of analysis goes further into invention than even the scientists themselves. The author tells in detail accomplishments of under sea warfare that may yet come true in the tremendous feats of the present great conflict.

"Hictaner, the Man That Lived in the Water," is the thrilling story of a youth whose strange power to live on amphibious existence is utilized by a band of conspirators, who form a project to rule the world.

These conspirators arrest Hictaner from his mother when he is a babe, and by a marvelous operation replace his lungs with the breathing apparatus of a fish.

How the youth brings the world powers in supplication to his feet; how he blows up one great battleship after another, and how through an absorbing romance the man-fish works out his destiny, is set forth in this most enthralling or narrative.

(Copyright.)

A WILD sea was breaking furiously against the rock which rises from the Mediterranean at the western end of the Island of Cervera.

The unbridled surf was lashed into a frenzy by the fierce December wind, which whistled through the crags. The darkness of the night was penetrated only by two shafts of light, which gleamed from the windows of a mysterious house standing in solitude upon the summit of the beetling cliff.

Suddenly a detonation thundered above the tumult of waves and wind. A man holding a smoking revolver emerged from the darkness and stood in the light streaming from one of the windows. The mysterious figure was enveloped in a great black cape, a cap pulled down over his eyes completely hid his face.

Hardly had the report sounded on the door, up to that time invisible, was flung open. The man walked toward it rapidly, and as soon as he had crossed its portals it closed. He found himself in a large passage where a negro stood before him respectfully.

"I knew the signal," she said. The man threw open his cape. He wore the garb of a Buddhist monk, of the order of the Tibetan Lama.

"Where is your master?" said the solemn priest in a voice naturally hard and imperious.

"He is within waiting for you, sir."

The woman pressed a white button and almost immediately a section of the wall slid aside, revealing a high, broad door, one of whose panels rolled silently open.

"Will you enter, sir?" murmured the negro.

The priest stepped forward into the room, and his bright light blinded him for a moment. A cordial voice was saying:

"Welcome, dear Fulbert."

A Wonder of Wonders.

"At last, at last, dear Oxus," exclaimed the priest, "we are together again!"

"Yes," said the master of the house, "and as we had determined it must be, so it has become a success!"

"Then you did it?"

"I did it."

"The orang-utan?"

"The orang became a fish without ceasing to be an ape."

"Can he live in the water? Can he swim there?"

"Like a shark."

"And on land?"

"He is like all apes," was the answer.

"At last, at last!" cried the Lamaist priest, raising his arms to heaven.

"Unfortunately, though," said the master of the house, "the son whom I hoped for did not come."

Fulbert grew pale. Oxus went on:

"It was for that reason especially that I sent for you, for the affair has become serious. Bertha has just given birth to our first-born, but it is a girl."

"A girl!" said the Buddhist monk, vehemently. "It makes no difference. I can find you the boy you need."

"A girl? Bertha has a daughter?" he continued. "Oh, well, I am better pleased, after all. If it had been a boy, I couldn't let you practice this terrible vivisection upon your son and hers. I am afraid. Think if you had killed the child—"

"And yet our plan is so great, so formidable, that a baby's life, whether yours or mine, should count for nothing. But I am better pleased—yes, better pleased—and I will find you the male child you need."

"You will get him for me?" said Oxus, as flushed now as he had been purple pale before.

"How?"

"The Plot."

"You will soon know."

There was silence. The heathen peeped out of the window into the darkness. The sharp features which so betrayed the ascetic gradually softened. Then tears shone in the corners of his eyes. He dried them, nervously, and turned them toward his friend, the master of the house.

"Oxus," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "let us go to Bertha and your child. By the way, what will you call her?"

"She has no name as yet," answered Oxus, as greatly moved. "You must give her one."

"Then I will name her Molette," said Oxus, as he turned.

Oxus grew pale. The two men,

father and uncle of the new-born child, looked into one another's faces, and in a moment were clasped in each other's arms.

Oxus murmured faintly:

"You understand, Fulbert. It would have been very hard for me to risk my own child's life, and yet, if it had been a boy, I should not have hesitated."

"Nor I," answered the priest, in a trembling tone. "Let us thank Fate. It is a girl."

He sighed, then, drawing himself together, added, gravely, with a new fire in his eyes: "Oh, to rule the world! To make its laws! To make our dreams come true! And that, with an eighteen-year-old boy!"

"That will come to pass, then, in just eighteen years and four months if heaven is kind," said the priest, gravely.

"Four months?" echoed Oxus, in surprise.

"Yes; listen."

Then, in a low voice, as if the walls themselves might overhear the terrible words, Fulbert spoke. Oxus' eyes burned with a brilliancy so intense that his face by contrast seemed like steel. When he had finished, Oxus said:

"Very well, everything will be ready in four months. You have only to bring me the child if it is a boy."

"Let us hope," said Fulbert, dryly, and added:

"You understand why I must go at once. My boat is in the inlet at anchor. The steamer for Barcelona leaves Palma de Majorca tomorrow morning."

"Yes, you are right. You had better go."

"But not before I see Bertha and Molette."

"Let us go to them," and the two strange accomplices left the laboratory.

The Priest's Victim.

In a cell of a secret Lamaist monastery in Spain a man was seated upon a bench with his back to the bare wall. His arms were crossed and his chin was on his breast and he was thinking intently.

It was Fulbert, the priest, who had first been an orthodox ecclesiastic, then had become a votary of Lamaism. His brows were knit, and often he tapped his foot impatiently as if some one he expected were late. He was muttering to himself solemnly:

"Surely, a new-born child of some kind won't be hard to find. How many poor or unnatural mothers there are who would be only too glad to sell me theirs for a little money! But its father must have been intelligent, of a noble race, accustomed to great deeds. Above all, it must have a natural instinct toward greatness."

"Today's event will present more difficulties if Martha de Bilguieres' child should be a girl."

Imagining he heard a cry for help, he stopped and leaned toward the door of his cell. He was mistaken. Nothing had broken the silence of the monastery. In the continued quiet he went on:

"If it should not be a boy, weeks and months may pass before I can get possession of a new-born male to be our instrument for the conquest of the world. Ah! if this Martha does bring forth a son, the triumph will cost only eighteen years of work."

"Eighteen years! Martha! Martha! will keep silent! Dolores tells me that a passionate tenderness for this dreaded child has grown up within her breast, but just the same she will forget—a husband will make her forget her life's most ardent wish, her life's happiness, depends upon her silence."

He stopped, rising abruptly. Turning his eyes toward the door of his cell, he groaned: "How long is it! How long!"

At this moment the door opened and a tall, thin Lamaist nun appeared.

"Bertha," she said, in a strong, clear voice, "he is born."

"It is a boy!" he shouted.

"Yes; it is a boy."

A Mother's Grief.

Already he had sprung forward, and led by the nun, he went rapidly down a long passage and entered a room. There he dropped before a bed on which lay Martha de Bilguieres, pale and wasted, her eyes closed. Her delicate hands were crossed upon her breast, and her face was turned toward the nun.

They understood, and, with deft, gentle hands, took off the baby's swaddling bands and presented him on a cushion for the priest's inspection.

Fulbert uttered a cry of admiration before the round, plump little body, the strong limbs, the whole of the vigor of the new-born child.

"Oxus will be satisfied," he said, half to himself.

Then, as if he were taking formal possession, he plunged his hand into a pitcher of clear water and baptized the child, murmuring the Lamaist ritual.

At the priest's cry of admiration the mother had opened her eyes and saw the act of baptism.

Great tears rolled down her cheeks, and tremblingly she implored:

"Father, you will leave him with me!"

me! Father, I beg you with all my strength!"

But already the child had been wrapped up and taken into another room. The frenzied mother raised herself, and Fulbert said:

"My child, have you forgotten the oath made to Buddha, your God? The child is mine now!"

Martha was too much overcome to protest. Her eyes were wild with terror, and she fell back upon the pillows, unconscious.

Fulbert waited a week, so that the mother might be in fit condition to return to her family, and so that the baby might better endure the journey from Valdemosa to Barcelona and the sea trip from Barcelona to Palma de Majorca.

During that week, however, he did not once go to see Martha, though he had allowed the child to spend three or four hours each day with its mother.

Everything for the journey had been arranged beforehand. The baby and his nurse, a healthy peasant from the Asturias, were borne to the foot of the mountains upon a gentle mule.

A smooth-running carriage, comfortable with cushions and rugs, took them leisurely across the plain to Barcelona. There they waited in a secluded place until the sea was absolutely calm before making the twelve hours' crossing from Barcelona to Palma.

From Valdemosa to the white house on Cabrera, Fulbert did not take his eyes from the nurse and child—that nameless child who was destined to serve the dreadful ends of Oxus.

As for the mother, she was taken to her parents by a discreet nun, though things did not turn out exactly as Fulbert had hoped.

The evening of the day before that on which the journey began, Fulbert entered Martha's room. He found the young girl in an extreme state of agitation. She controlled herself as the priest entered, but less with submission than with an instinct of self-protection.

"Martha," he said, "tomorrow morning we must part."

The unhappy mother walked quickly to the Buddhist priest, every fiber trembling. Her great feverish eyes shone dazzlingly. She said harshly:

"You cannot have my son. He is my child."

"Remember your promise," answered Fulbert.

"When you came to me six months ago, a rich and dishonored girl, to confess your sin and its consequences, I promised help. I urged your parents, who believe in our secret faith, to send you to the convent for a season of pious meditation, so that your child might be born unknown to the world. You, on your part, promised to abandon it at once, and never think of it again. I kept my promise—you must keep yours!"

"I take it all back," she cried.

"And then between this man and this woman there followed an indescribable struggle. Fulbert had almost overcome the maddened girl, when she saw the standing calmly in the door. 'You can leave her now, Fulbert. But tonight she will be insane. What shall we do with her?'"

The priest's eyes met the heathen

nun's. The look which passed between them was murderous. Martha had fainted and all was still.

"No," said Fulbert, wiping the great beads of sweat from his brow. "No, she needs to be killed, I hope. Of course the life of men is nothing to us, but our work must not cost the life of a single woman, especially of her who bore the regenerator of the world."

Again there was silence.

"If she is mad, though, what will you do with her?"

"You may keep her here. I will write to her family in such a way that no one will come to look for her. I will be back in ten days, after I have helped Oxus with the vivisection. If Martha is insane then we will make some arrangement. If not I will take her back to her family, and as I shall be her spiritual director for some time she will not talk, I think."

"But if she does talk?"

"Oh," exclaimed the man, "all the worse for her. In spite of my preference, I would be obliged to sacrifice her life—I would kill her and all who knew the secret."

"You are right, Fulbert," and without so much as a glance toward the unconscious girl the stall, stern woman left the room.

The next morning a closed carriage passed along the road from Valdemosa to Barcelona. In it were a healthy young woman and a young child. Behind the carriage trotted a mule, upon whose back was a swarthy priest, with his face hidden in his hood.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

The Dream of the Lamaist Priests.

ADVISE TO THE

LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Those in Glass Houses.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-five and deeply in love with a girl about the same age. She has been going about with a married man, but found out her mistake and dropped him. Now, the question is, Do you think it would spoil my reputation if I married this girl? I am sure she would do anything to rectify this mistake. She would make any man a good wife.

E. P. I.

YOU will be very lucky if this girl will have you. What blunder has this girl made that is half as great as the probable half dozen wrongdoings in your own life? Have you ever chanced to read a Book in which the Great Teacher warned only the guiltless to cast the first stone? I am sorry for your reputation and courage and generosity if they cannot stand the test of this girl's sadly regretted blunder.

INTERESTING

STORIES

Nomenclature.

One evening there arrived at an inn in a continental village a gentleman who sent his courier for the traveller's register that he might enter his name in accordance with the police regulations. The man replied that he had anticipated his wishes and registered him as an "English gentleman of independent means."

"But how did you write my name?" "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from the porter's name."

"But it is not there. Bring me the book." The book was brought and the traveller found, instead of the English name of Smith-Jones, the following entry—"Monsieur Warranted solid leather!"

Judicial Gallantry.

An Irish judge, one of the old school, was summing up a case in a Dublin court. The plaintiff was a handsome woman, and her good-looking daughter was one of the witnesses. "Gentlemen of the jury," said his Honor, "everything in this case seems plain—except of course Mrs. O'Rafferty and her charming daughter!"



The Dream of the Lamaist Priests.

Use More Corn Meal

Now that the era of food conservation is with us we can learn a great deal from the Government experts in food values. Read what they say about corn meal:

"Corn meal at present prices, when bought at retail stores, costs about half as much per pound as wheat flour, one-third as much as rolled oats, one-fourth as much as rolled wheat, and about half as much as broken rice. That is, it costs much less per pound than any of the other popular cereal foods, yet even the bolted corn meal usually sold, from which the germ of the grain has been removed to make the meal keep longer, has a food value which compares favorably with that of wheat flour."

"It does not supply quite so much protein or mineral matter for building the tissues of the body, but on the other hand, it gives more fat and starch, pound for pound, and its value as fuel for the body is fully as high."

"Any family in town or country can have the best corn meal by grinding it at home in a hand gristmill. The city man can buy corn in the bushel at a grain store. He can grind it coarse or fine, to suit the taste of the family, and in quantities to last a day or a week or longer. Most people will agree that this meal containing the germ is very palatable and compares well in this respect with that ordinarily purchased ready ground. Prices of hand mills of substantial make run from \$2.50 to \$5. A small mill can be had for as little as \$1.50, though this probably would prove too tedious to use, except for small quantities."

"A dish of mush and milk has made the greater part of many a supper on the farm, and children thrive on it, though they may rebel at cleaning the kettle and the 'pudding spoon' afterwards, if the old-time methods of cooking it are followed. It is a simple dish to make—just 3/4 cups of water and a teaspoonful of salt to every cupful of meal."

"The water can be put in cold and the vessel heated gradually. A double boiler is very convenient in cooking corn meal mush, as well as all other cereals and is easier to clean."

"The great secret of good mush is long, slow cooking—the longer the better. A frugal cooker, in which the cooking can go on all day or all night, is very useful for this purpose."

"For 'quick action' in getting breakfast in the city flat, the corn meal and salt may be put in the double boiler, mixed with a little cold water, and then hot water may be added up to the required amount. If clean hot water is to be had from the spigot, a good corn meal mush can be made in three-quarters of an hour. But corn meal can hardly be cooked properly in less time."

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Once Overs

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"Every year the American people are giving less and less time to thought, and consequently, as a whole, we